

we'd look good side by side by letshargroovetonight

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Summary:

Being with Steve takes Billy to places he's never been before. Literally.

(an NYC trip for Billy & Steve)

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Author's Note:

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Being with Steve takes Billy to places he's never been before. Literally.

Steve uses most of his graduation money to book them a trip to New York. Flights and all. Billy doesn't protest too much when Steve offers this to him. He'd never be able to afford something like this on his own and he has always wanted to see what New York is like.

When Steve first starts bringing up the potential for a New York trip and them flying over there, Billy tries to convince Steve they should drive. He's never been on a plane before. And he won't say it outright, but he's scared.

Steve wheedles away at him though, "And besides, we don't need a car in New York. You can walk practically everywhere and it'll be more money for parking."

Billy can draw the line there, doesn't want Steve having to pay extra on that. But when they're sitting on the plane getting ready to push away from the terminal and Billy's leg won't stop jittering with nerves, Billy wishes he hadn't given in.

Steve can feel the anxiousness rolling off of Billy as the plane starts moving, looks down at his jumpy legs then up to meet Billy's eyes, an eyebrow raised in question.

"I'm scared, alright?" Billy pushes out through clenched teeth.

As the plane picks up speed for takeoff, Steve wishes he could take Billy's hand in his own, run a soothing thumb over Billy's knuckles which are white from clutching to the armrest so tightly. Instead he goes with a simple nudge of his knee against Billy's thigh.

Steve doesn't comment on the little gasp Billy lets out as they lift off.

Steve normally likes staring out the window during flight, but he shuts the shade on it, thinks it'll make Billy feel less afraid if he doesn't see the ground getting further and further away. And it's thankfully a pretty calm flight, no major turbulence, just a few small jolts here and there.

Steve distracts Billy with a crossword puzzle book he bought for them at the airport. Billy is good at crosswords, knows random tidbits of information that Steve has never even heard of before. When the pilot announces they'll be starting their descent into New York, he hears Billy sigh in relief.

"Almost there," Steve whispers, their heads close together from crossword discussions.

Steve opens the shade back up, watches as the city comes into view on their side of the plane, eyes scanning over skyscrapers, until he spots the Statue of Liberty out in the water.

"Look you can see the statue of liberty from here," Steve says.

Billy perks up at that.

"See, there it is," Steve points out, his fingers pressed up against the glass pane. Billy leans over Steve to peer out window.

And Billy does see. He spends the majority of the descent like that, stretched across his seat into Steve's space so he can get take in the aerial view of the city as it gets closer and closer.

As they land, Billy scrunches his eyes shut for the few seconds right before touchdown, screws them up a bit tighter at the loud whooshing noises the plane makes as it brakes on the runway.

"Welcome to the Big Apple," a flight attendant says.

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They spend their days exploring - checking out Grand Central Station, strolling through Central park, staring up at the Empire State Building, diving into the hubbub of Times Square.

And at night, when they're alone together, with the novelty of not having to worry about Steve's parents or Billy having to rush back home, they fuck as much as they want.

The first day there, they stock up on lube and condoms from the CVS around the corner from hotel. When they're tucked away in their room for the night, Billy climbs on top of Steve, thick thighs on either side of Steve's hips. Steve rubs at those thighs while Billy rides him, fingers pressed tight into the flesh of them when he spills into the condom with Billy's name on his lips. Billy follows shortly after, pulling himself off, spurting over his hand onto Steve's stomach.

A few hours later, when they both wake up after the long blare of a car horn from outside and some shouted curses, Billy gets Steve onto his back, gently fingers him open, slides into him nice and slow, takes his time with it. Billy relishes in the way Steve clenches around him, how he whimpers out when Billy hits that spot inside of him. Steve arches up every time Billy leans down to kiss him, meets him in the middle. After they're both spent, they drift back asleep for a couple more hours.

They're meant to get up early that day, planned to beat the crowds at the Museum of Natural History (that had been Billy's one museum request - Billy had given Steve and unimpressed look when he'd called him a nerd for it).

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Billy and Steve are down in The Village when they decide to duck into a little hole-in-the-wall Italian restaurant. They're starving after walking around for what feels like 10 miles.

When they've finished their meal, they tumble back out onto the sidewalk, a little tipsy from the bottle of red wine they shared, stomachs full of pasta and tiramisu. The sun is hanging low across the skyline now, painting the clouds pink against a darkening blue.

"Like bubblegum," Billy says with a goofy smile, the kind that had taken Steve forever to first get out of him.

"Weirdo," Steve chuckles, his voice fond.

They're putzing around on the corner while Steve gets his bearings for the journey back up to their hotel, when Billy notices a couple.

Two men. Holding hands. They're smiling about something, leaning into one another as they walk by. Billy has seen that a few times during their walks around the city and seeing it so out in the open, it makes Billy want that too, with Steve.

"Alright," Steve says, "Thatta way."

Billy falls in line next to him. Starts out with bumping a pinky against the edge of Steve's hand before he feels brave enough to take the plunge, to lace their fingers together. Steve takes it in stride of course, doesn't make it a big deal (even though it is, *it is*). He just turns to Billy, gives him a small, secret smile.

They go to cross 7th Ave as the Don't Walk sign starts to flash and laugh when they get beeped at by a disgruntled cabbie, tugging each other along the rest of the way to the sidewalk.

Author's Note:

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